

Like a God

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Summary: Simon should really learn how to knock before entering a room. Inspired by the newest pic on David's instagram page.

Like a God

Disclaimer: Only the fic is mine.

AN: Inspired by the newest pic David put on his instagram page.
Unbeated. [p/BEMIAo9sGRg/](https://www.instagram.com/p/BEMIAo9sGRg/)

>Simon made it back to the hotel Dumort in record time of course having speed like the roadrunner helped also.<p>

He was still thinking about that hot kiss between Magnus and Alec, so much pent up passion and emotions released in front of an entire room.

He bounced past a few vampires and toward Raphael's room he saw a light on and without pausing to think pushed the door open and bounded in.

Simon came to a quick stop, his eyes went wide, and his mouth agape.

In front of him stood a God.

Raphael had been using a punching bag and had turned quickly to see who was entering.

He was wearing black workout pants and nothing else.

He was magnificent.

Simon never thought he'd ever use that word when describing a man in

his head but there was no other words to compare.

Raphael's skin was a bronze color and his abs were rock hard, every part of his chest was so muscled.

He was better than any movie vampire.

Raphael came closer and scowled, "Be grateful I knew it was you fledgling and I didn't launch an attack."

Simon finally was able to form words, "I never pictured vampires as the types who needed to work out."

"We do a lot of things people don't expect, have to pass the time somehow."

"Good point." Simon felt so awkward.

"So what is freaking you out this time?" Raphael asked.

Simon quickly told him about the events of the wedding including the kiss.

"It was so hot Raphael the way Alec grabbed Magnus by his jacket and pulled him closer."

"Like this?" Raphael reached out grabbing the suit jacket Simon was wearing and pulled him closer until they were practically nose to nose.

If Simon were still alive his heart would've stopped and he'd have been unable to breathe.

Simon nodded, Raphael's scent something Simon couldn't identify but felt so unique like Raphael flooded his nose.

"And I take it you thought it was hot?" Was it Simon's imagination or did Raphael's voice go husky?

"It was amazing."

"Like you thought I was when you came in?"

Oh crap, Simon think carefully or this will lead to trouble don't get aroused you're wearing his suit.

"I was stunned cause I obviously came in at a bad time when I totally should've knocked also I never thought vampires had the need to work out."

Why did he have to be so hot?

Simon had never had any thoughts toward men until Raphael.

Raphael who looked good in any outfit he wore and of course practically wearing nothing.

All of this was probably just a fun game to get Simon totally embarrassed for coming in.

"The sun is coming up and I am feeling exhausted, I promise I'll return the suit to you as soon as possible."

Raphael released him but still stood close, "Want to come tuck me in?"

His eyes seemed darker than ever before, definitely a husky tone to his voice.

The air was so thick with tension and promise.

There was a large part of Simon that wanted to be consumed and burned by it.

But caution won out.

"No thank you, I need to get to my chamber." Simon backed to the door.

"Sweet dreams." Raphael told him.

"Back at you." Simon quickly hurried to his room and locked the door.

How do I get myself into these type of things?

His phone beeped and he saw he had a call and text from Clary.

He put the phone down and shut it off. He was so not in the mood for any shadowhunter crap right now.

He carefully took off the suit that had Raphael's scent on it and carefully folded it and then put on his pajamas.

His sleep was indeed plagued by very hot dreams.

>AN: Amazing what insomnia and a sexy photo of David can do to my muse.<p>

End
file.